

**TALES MORAL
AND
ENTERTAINING
TRANSLATED
FROM THE...**

" Propri' une traduction est bonne, elle ne doit
être ni plus sèche, ni moins belle que l'original. »
s' André Gide.

A SUA ECCELLENZA
IL SIGNOR
PRINCIPE DI CARDITO
CAVALIERE
DEL REAL ORDINE DI SAN GESARDO
PRESIDENTE
DELLA COMMISSIONE
DELLA ISTRUZIONE PUBBLICA
DELLA LETTERATURA
E DEI LETTERATI
AMICO PROTEGGITORE
PER LA CHIAREZZA DEL SANGUE
PER LA GRANDEZZA DELL' ANIMO
PER LA CANDIDEZZA DEL CUORE
PER LA PIACEVOLEZZA DEL TRATTO
PER LE AGITE SUE VIRTU'
CUMMENDABILISSIMO OLTREMODO
QUESTE MORALI
PIACEVOLI NOVELLE
OSSEQUIOSAMENTE
OFFERE DEDICA CONSAGRA
L' ABBATE
VITO MARIA DE GRANDIS



T A L E S

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

THE BEGGAR.

ON a fine evening, in the midst of summer, Mr. Drake and his son Albert took a walk in some of the most agreeable environs of the city. The sky was clear, the air cool; and the purling streams, and gentle zephyrs rustling in the trees, lulled the mind into an agreeable gloom. Albert, enchanted with the natural beauties that surrounded him, could not help exclaiming, "What a lovely evening!" He pressed his father's hand, and looking up to him, said, "You know not, papa, what thoughts rise in my heart." He was silent for a moment, and then looking towards heaven, his eyes moistened with tears, "I thank God," said he,

for the happy moments he now permits me to enjoy ! Had I my wish, every one should taste the beauties of this evening as I do. Were I king of a large country, I would make my subjects perfectly happy. "

Mr. Drake embraced his son, and told him, that the benevolent wish he had just uttered, came from a heart as generous as it was humane. " But would not your thoughts change with your fortune ? Are you certain, that in an exalted station you should preserve the sentiments, which now animate you in that middling state, in which it has pleased heaven to place you ? "

Albert was a little surprised that his father should ask such a question ; for he had no idea that riches could bring with them cruelty and wickedness.

Mr. Drake told him, that indeed was not always the case. " The world has

produced fortunate persons, (said he) who have remembered their past distresses, and have always retained the most charitable ideas for the unfortunate; but we too often see, what is a disgrace to the human heart, that a change of fortune alters the most tender and sympathetick affections. While we ourselves labour under misfortune, we look upon it as a duty incumbent on every man to assist us. Should the hand of God relieve us, we then think that all his intentions in the preservation of the world are answered, and too often cease to remember those unfortunate wretches, who remain in the gulph from which we have been rescued. You may see an instance of this in the man, who frequently comes to beg charity of me, whom I relieve with reluctance, and cannot but censure myself for so doing. *

Albert told his father, that he had

frequently observed how coolly he put money into his hands, without speaking to him in that tender language, which he generally used to other poor people. He therefore begged his father would tell him what could be his reason for it.

“ I will tell you, my dear, (said Mr. Deake) what has born his conduct, and then leave you to judge how far I do right. Mr. Mason was a linen-draper in Cheapside; and, though the profits of his business were but moderate, yet a poor person never asked his charity in vain. This he viewed as his most pleasing extravagance, and he considered himself happy in the enjoyment of it, though he could not pursue this indulgence to the extent of his wishes. Business one day calling him on ‘Change, he heard a number of capital merchants talking together of vast cargoes, and the immense

profits to be expected from them. ' Ah ! (said he to himself) how happy these people are ! Were I as rich, heaven knows, I should not make money my idol, for the poor should plentifully partake of my abundance.'

• This man went home with a bosom full of ambitious thoughts ; but his circumstances were too narrow to embrace his vast projects, as it required no small share of prudence in the management of his affairs, to make every thing meet at the end of the year. ' Ah ! (cried he) I shall never get forward, nor rise above the middling condition, in which I at present linger.'

• In the midst of these gloomy thoughts, a paper, inviting adventurers to purchase shares in the lottery, was put into his hand. He seemed as if inspired by Fortune, and caught the idea immediately. Without consider-

ing the inconvenience to which his consciousness might reduce him, he hastened to the lottery office, and there laid out four guineas. From this moment, he writhed with impatience for the drawing, nor could he find repose even at night on his pillow. He sometimes repented of having so foolishly hazarded what he could not well bear the loss of, and at other times he fancied he saw riches pouring in upon him from all quarters. At last the drawing began, and, in the midst of his hopes and fears, Fortune favoured him with a prize of five thousand pounds.

• Having received his money, he thought of nothing else for several days; but when his imagination had cooled a little, he began to think what use he should make of it. He therefore increased his stock, extended his business, and by care and assiduity in

trade soon doubled his capital. In less than ten years, he became one of the most considerable men in the city, and hitherto he had punctually kept his promise, in being the friend and patron of the poor; for the sight of an unfortunate person always put him in mind of his former condition, and pleaded powerfully in behalf of the distressed.

As he now frequented gay company, he by degrees began to contract a habit of luxury and dissipation; he purchased a splendid country-house with elegant gardens, and his life became a scene of uninterrupted pleasures and amusements. All this extravagance, however, soon convinced him, that he was considerably reducing his fortune; and his trade, which he had given up, to be the more at leisure for the enjoyment of his pleasures, no longer enabled him to repair it. But-

des, having been so long accustomed to put no restraint on his vanity and pride, he could not submit to the meanness of lessening his expenses. 'I shall always have enough for myself (thought he) and let others take care of themselves.'

• As his fortune decreased, so did his feelings for the distressed, and his heart grew callous to the cries of misery, as with indifference we hear the roaring tempest when sheltered from its fury. Friends, whom he had till then supported, came as usual to implore his bounty; but he received them roughly, and forbid them his house. 'Am I, (said he) to squander my fortune upon you? Do as I have done, and get one for yourselves.'

• His poor unhappy mother, from whom he had taken half the pension he used to allow her, came to beg a corner in any part of his house, where,

she might finish her few remaining days; but he was so cruel as to refuse her request, and with the utmost indifference saw her perish for want. The measure of his crimes, however, was now nearly filled. His wealth was all soon exhausted in debaucheries and other excesses, and he had neither the inclination nor the ability to return to trade. Misery soon overtook him, and brought him to that state, in which you now see him. He begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and detestation to all honest people, and a just example of the indignation of the Almighty."

Albert told his father, that if fortune made men so wicked and miserable, he wished to remain as he was, alone, poor, and secure from contempt.

"Think often, my dear child, (said his father to him) of this story, and learn from this example, that no true

happiness can be enjoyed, unless we feel for the misfortunes of others. It is the rich man's duty to relieve the distresses of the poor, and in this more solid pleasure is found than can be expected from the enervating excesses of luxury and pomp."

The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon, and his parting beams reflected a lively glow upon the clouds, which seemed to form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freshened by the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm; and the feathered inhabitants of the grove sang their farewell song. The wind rustling among the trees added a gentle murmur to the concert, and every thing seemed to inspire joy and happiness, while Albert and his father returned to their house with thoughtful and pensive steps.



THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

A VERY early friendship commenced between Antony and Augustus, who were nearly of an age, and as they were neighbours, they were almost inseparable companions. The father of Antony, whose name was Lenoir, possessed a very lucrative employment under government, and was besides possessed of a considerable fortune; but Mr. Littleton, the father of Augustus, was not in such affluent circumstances, though he lived contentedly, and turned all his thoughts to the welfare and happiness of his son, in giving him a well-grounded education, which he thought might prove of more advantage to him than riches, or, at least, might amply supply the place of them.

As soon as Augustus was nine years of age, he was accustomed to bodily

exercise, and his mind inured to study; which at once contributed to improve his health, strength, and understanding. Being thus used to exercise and motion, he was healthy and robust; and being contented and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a tranquil cheerfulness, which much influenced those who enjoyed his company.

Antony was one of his happy companions, who was always at a loss for amusement when Augustus was absent; and in that case, in order to fill up his time, he was continually eating without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and slumbering without being sleepy. This naturally brought on a weak habit of body, and frequent head-aches.

Both parents ardently wished to see their children healthy and happy; but Mr. Lenox unfortunately pursued that

subject in a wrong channel, by bringing up his son, even from his cradle, in the most excessive delicacy. He was not suffered to lift himself a chair, whenever he had a mind to change his seat, but a servant was called for that purpose. He was dressed and undressed by other people, and even the cutting of his own victuals seemed a pain to him.

While Augustus, in a thin linen jacket, assisted his father to cultivate a small garden for their amusement, Antony, in a rich velvet coat, was telling in a coach, and paying morning visits with his mamma. If he went abroad to enjoy the air, and got out of the carriage but for a minute, his great coat was put on, and a handkerchief tied round his neck, to prevent his catching cold. Thus accustomed to be humoured to excess, he wished for every thing he saw or could think of; but his wish

was no sooner obtained, than he became tired of it, and was constantly unhappy in the pursuit of new objects.

As the servants had strict orders to obey him with implicit submission, he became so whimsical and imperious, that he was hated and despised by every one in the house, excepting his parents. Augustus was his only companion who loved him, and it was upon that account he patiently put up with his humours. He was so perfectly master of his temper, that he would at times make him as good humoured as himself.

Mr. Leuce would sometimes ask Augustus, how he contrived to be always so merry; to which he one day answered, that his father had told him, that no person could be perfectly happy, unless they mixed some kind of employment with their pleasures. " I have frequently observed (continued

Augustus) that the most tedious and dull days I experience are those, in which I do no kind of work. It is properly blending exercise with amusement that keeps me in such good health and spirits. I fear neither the winds nor the rain, neither the heat of summer nor the cold of winter, and I have frequently dug up a whole plot in my garden before Antony has quitted his pillow in the morning."

Mr. Lenox felt the propriety of such conduct, and a sigh unavoidably escaped him. He then went to consult Mr. Littleton in what manner he should act, in order to make Antony as hearty and robust as Augustus. Mr. Littleton informed him in what manner he treated his son. "The powers of the body and the mind (said he) should be equally kept in exercise, unless we mean them to be unserviceable, as money buried in the ground

would be to its owner. Nothing can be more injurious to the health and happiness of children, than making them to excess of delicacy, and, under the idea of pleasing them, to indulge them in their whimsical and obstinate humours. The person who has been accustomed from his childhood to have been flattered, will be exposed to many vexatious disappointments. He will sigh after those things, the want or possession of which will equally make him miserable. I have, however, every reason to believe, that Augustus will never be that man."

Mr. Lenox saw the truth of those arguments, and determined to adopt the same plan for the treatment of his son. But it was now too late, for Anthony was fourteen years of age, and his mind and body so much enervated, that he could not bear the least fatiguing exertions. His mother, who was

as weak as himself, begged of her husband not to tease their darling, and he was at last obliged to give way to her importunities, when Antony again sunk into his former destructive dissipation. The strength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance.

As soon as Antony had entered his seventeenth year, his parents sent him to the university, intending to bring him up to the study of the law; and Augustus being intended for the same profession, he accompanied him thither. Augustus had never had any other instructor than his father; while Antony had as many masters as there are different sciences, from whom he learned only a superficial education, by retaining little more than the terms used in the different branches he had studied. Augustus, on the contrary, was like a garden, whose airy situation admits the

rays of the sun to every part of it, and in which every seed, by a proper cultivation, advances rapidly to perfection. Already well instructed, he still thirsted after further knowledge, and his diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to all his companions. The mildness of his temper, and his vivacity and sprightly humour, made his company at all times desirable; he was universally beloved, and every one was his friend.

Antony was at first happy on being in the same room with Augustus; but his pride was soon hurt on seeing the preference that was given by every one to his friend, and he could not think of any longer submitting to so mortifying a distinction. He therefore found some frivolous excuse, and forsook the company of Augustus.

Antony, having now nobody to advise or check him, gave loose to his

viciated taste, and wandered from pleasure to pleasure in search of happiness. It will be of little purpose to say, how often he blushed at his own conduct; but being hardened by a repetition of his follies, he gradually fell into the grossest irregularities. To be short, he at last returned home with the seeds of a mortal distemper in his bosom, and after languishing a few months, expired in the greatest agonies.

Some time after, Augustus returned home to his parents, possessed of an equal stock of learning and prudence, his departure from the university being regretted both by his teachers and companions. It may easily be supposed, that his family received him with transports of joy. You know not, my hale readers, how pleasing are those tender parental feelings which arise from the prospect of seeing their children beloved and respected ! His parents

thought themselves the happiest of people, and tears of joy filled their eyes when they beheld him.

Augustus had not been long at home, before a considerable employment in his profession was conferred on him, with the unanimous approbation of all who were acquainted with his character. This enabled him to gratify his generous desire of promoting the felicity of his friends, and a sense of their happiness added to his own. He was the comfort of his parents in the evening of their lives, and with interest repaid their attention and care of him in his childhood. An amiable wife, equally endued with sense, virtue, and beauty, who bore him children like himself, completed his happiness.

In the characters of Antony and Augustus, we see the fatal consequences of giving way to folly and vice, and what a happy effect the contrary con-

duct has. Antony fell a victim to the misguided indulgence of his parents, while Augustus lived to be happy by the prudent management he received in his infancy.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

" I WILL be revenged of him, that I will, and make him heartily repent it," said little Philip to himself, with a countenance quite red with anger. His mind was so engaged, that as he walked along, he did not see his dear friend Stephen, who happened at that instant to meet him, and consequently heard what he had said.

" Who is that, (said Stephen) that you intend to be revenged on? " Philip, as though awaked from a dream, stopped short, and looking at his friend soon resumed the smile that was natural to his countenance. " Ah! (said he) come with me, my friend; and you shall see whom I will be revenged on. I believe you remember my supple-jack, a very pretty little cane, which my father gave me. You see it is now all in pieces. It was former Ro-

linson's son, who lives in yonder thatched cottage, that reduced it to this worthless state.

Stephen very coolly asked him, what induced the farmer's son to break it. " I was walking very peaceably along, (replied Philip) and was playing with my cane, by twisting it round my body. By some accident or other, one of the two ends got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden bridge, and where the little miscreant had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. It so happened, that my cane, in springing, overset the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names, when I assured him I did not intend any harm, what I had done was by accident, and I was very sorry for it. Without paying any regard to what I said, he instantly swung

my apple-jack, and twisted it as you here see, but I will make him heartily repent it."

"To be sure, (said Stephen) he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly punished for it, since nobody likes him, nor will do any thing for him. He finds it very difficult to get any companion to play with him, and if he attempts to intrude himself into their company, they will all instantly leave him. To consider this properly, I think, should be sufficient revenge for you."

"All this is true, (replied Philip) but he has broken my cane. It was a present from my papa, and a very pretty cane you know it was. My father will perhaps ask me what is become of it; and, as he will suppose I have carelessly lost his present, he will probably be angry with me, of which this little sneaky fellow will be the

cause, I offered to fill his pitcher again, having knocked it down by accident—I will be revenged."

"My dear friend, (said Stephen) I think you will act better in not punishing him, as your contempt will be the best punishment you can inflict on him. He is not upon a level with you; and you may be assured that he will always be able to do more mischief to you, than you would choose to do to him. And now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long since.

"Very unluckily for him, he chanced to see a bee hovering about a flower, which he caught, and was going to pull off its wings out of sport, when the animal found means to sting him, and then flew away in safety to the hive. The pain put him into a most furious passion, and, like you, he vowed to take a severe revenge. He accordingly procured a little hazel stick; and

thrust it through the hole into the beehive, twisting it about therein. By these means, he killed several of the little animals; but, in an instant, all the swarm issued out, and falling upon him, stung him in a thousand different places. You will naturally suppose that he uttered the most piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the excess of his agony. His father ran to him, but could not, without the greatest difficulty, put the bees to flight, after having stung him so severely, that he was confined several days to his bed.

"Thus you see, he was not very successful in his pursuit of revenge. I would advise you therefore to pass over his insult, and leave others to punish him, without your taking any part in it. Besides, he is a wicked boy, and much stronger than you are; so that your ability to obtain revenge may be doubtful."

"I must own, (replied Philip) that your advice seems very good. So come along with me, and I will go and tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me. It is not the cane that I value on any other consideration than that it was my father's present, and I would wish to convince him that I take care of every thing he gives me." He and his friend then went together, and Philip told his father what had happened, who thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given his son, and gave Philip another cane exactly like the first.

A few days afterwards, Philip saw this ill-natured boy fall as he was carrying home a very heavy log of wood, which he could not get up again. Philip ran to him, and replaced it on his shoulder.

Young Robinson was quite ashamed at the thought of having received this

kind resistance from a youth he had treated so badly, and heartily repented of his behaviour. Philip went home quite satisfied, to think he had assisted one he did not love, and from pure motives of tenderness and humanity. "This, (said he) is the noblest vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil."

THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

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MASTER Gregory was fond of walking in a wood, which stood at a short distance from his father's house. The wood being young, the trees were consequently small, and placed very near to each other, with two or three paths between them. As he was one day walking up and down, in order to rest himself a little, he placed his back against a tree, whose stem was quite slender, and therefore all its branches shook as soon as it was touched. This rustling happened to frighten a little bird, who sprung from a neighbouring bush, and flew into another part of the wood.

Gregory was vexed to think he had

disturbed the bird, and fixed his eyes upon the bush, in hopes of seeing it return. While he was thus attentively on the watch, he imagined he saw among the twisted branches something like a tuft of hay. As his curiosity was raised to know what it was, he went up close to the hedge, and found this tuft of hay was hollow, like a bowl. On putting aside the branches, he saw something like little balls within it, which were spotted, and of an oval shape. They lay close to each other, on something very soft. " Bless me said Gregory) this must be cer-) tainly what I have heard some people call a bird's nest, and the balls must be eggs. They are indeed less than our eggs, but then our hens are larger than these birds. "

He had some thoughts, at first, of taking away the whole nest ; but,

upon second consideration, he contented himself with taking only one of the eggs, with which he instantly ran home. In the midst of his haste, he met his sister. " See this little egg," (said he to her) " I just now found it in a nest, in which were five others."

She desired to have it in her hand, examined it attentively, and then returned it to her brother. At last they began rolling it up and down a table, just as they would a ball. One pushed it one way, and the other a different way, till at last they pushed it off the table, when it fell on the floor and broke. This set them a crying, and each mutually accused the other of being the cause of this sad disaster.

Their mamma happening to hear them cry, came to inquire into the cause of it, when both began at once telling their sorrows; and having heard

their different stories, she took them affectionately by the hand, and led them to a tree, whose stately boughs afforded a pleasant shade to a verdant bank, on which they all sat down together.

" My dear children, (said their mamma) make yourselves easy. You have broken the egg between you, and that, to be sure, is a misfortune ; but it is of too trifling a nature to suffer it to make you unhappy. After all, Gregory, there is some room for complaint against you, as it was an act of injustice to rob the poor bird of its egg. You must have seen how the hen places her eggs in a nest, on which she sits to warm and animate them. In about three weeks, from the egg proceed chickens, which pierce the shell, and in a few days come and feed out of your hand. This egg, which you have just now broken, had

you left it in the nest, would have become a sort of chick. The bird you saw fly out of the bush was probably the mother, who will, very likely, return again, to see what mischief you have done her, and perhaps she will forsake it altogether, which they frequently do when disturbed.

" Though the loss is only a single egg, yet that perhaps will inform them that their habitation is discovered, when they have every thing to be afraid of from our violence. They guess, that when their little ones shall be hatched, those that robbed them of an egg, will return and seize upon their infant family. If this nest you have been robbing, for I cannot call it any thing less than a robbery, should be on that account forsaken, I think you will be very sorry for it."

Gregory replied, that it would indeed give him much uneasiness, and

seemed very sorry that he had meddled with the egg. "But, (said he to his mamma) I had not the least thought of what you have been telling me, nor did I suppose there could be any harm in bringing it to my sister, for it was principally on that account that I took it."

His mamma replied, that she readily believed him; for she told him she was sensible, that he had too good a heart to wish to do mischief merely for the sake of tormenting others. Gregory was, indeed, a very good boy, and was as remarkable for his duty to his parents, his tender attachment to his sister, and his universal benevolence to every one.

The little girl observed to her mamma, that the nest which her brother had shown her, did not, in any degree, resemble the swallows' nests that were seen about the corners of the windows.

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of some houses. " My dear, (replied her mamma) every nest is not alike, any more than every bird, some being great and others little ; some are never seen to perch on trees, while others are hardly ever out of them ; some are bulky and inactive, others slim, and full of cunning and industry ; the plumage of some are beautiful beyond description, with an amazing variety of colours, and others have a plain and homely appearance ; some subsist on fruits, some feed upon insects, and many live by making a prey of, and devouring the smaller birds."

Here her little daughter exclaimed, " Oh, what wicked creatures ! I am sure I should think it no crime to destroy the nests of such unamused birds." — " Very true, (replied her mamma) and there are many more of your way of thinking ; and therefore these great birds who live upon the

smaller class, build their nests in places where they cannot be easily disturbed, such as in woods, in crevices of rocks, and in other places most unfrequented by men, or at heights beyond our reach.

" Since, therefore, my dear children, these birds are greatly different from each other, as well in size as in the mode of living, and in the variety of their plumage, it will naturally follow, that their nests must also differ. The lark never perches on a tree, and sings only when mounting in the air, and builds her nest on the ground. The swallow builds about the roofs of houses, under what we call the eaves, and sometimes in the corners of windows. The owl, who flies abroad only in the night, seeks out deserted habitations, or some hollow tree, wherein to deposit her eggs; and the eagle, who soars above the clouds till also;

lately out of sight, bring forth their young in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those birds, which so prettily sport round our houses, and hop from branch to branch, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those who sport on the water, and find their living therein, build their nests among the rushes that grow on the banks.

We will, one fine day, take a walk into the little valley that terminates our large meadow, and you will there see a number of these pretty creatures busy in selecting the materials, of which they compose their nests. You will observe one employed in carrying off a whetted straw, another with wool or feathers in its beak, another with a dried leaf, and perhaps with a little moss. You may frequently notice the swallow, on the borders of a limpid stream, moistening in the water a little bit of earth, which he holds in

his beak, and with this he builds his habitation ; and , though the outside of his nest is formed of hard and durable materials, the inside is lined with the softest and warmest. There are even some birds, who pull off their own feathers to make up a comfortable bed, wherein to secure their young from every inclemency of the elements.

" Their nests are made large or small, in proportion to the number of eggs they are to contain. Some birds hang up their nests by a kind of thread, which they have the skill to form of flax, of different sorts of weeds, and of the webs of spiders. Others place it in the middle of a soft and gummy substance, to which they carefully stick many feathers. All birds seek retired and solitary places, and use every endeavour to make their nests strong and solid, to secure them

from the attacks of enemies of various species.

"It is in this kind of habitation they lay their eggs, where the mother, and at times the father, sits upon them, puts every thing within them into motion, and at last produces little creatures, who break through their shell, and come forth.

"I doubt not but you have often seen a fly in winter, which appeared to have no life in it; yet, upon taking it into your hand, the warmth proceeding from it has brought it to life. It is nearly the same thing with birds, the perseverance of whose parents, in brooding upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

"While the mother is sitting, the cock is her constant attendant, and amuses her with his music. When the young birds are hatched, the old

ones endeavour to release them from the confinement of the egg. At this period, their diligence is redoubled; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in that interesting pursuit. No distance deters them from seeking their food, of which they make an equal distribution, every one receiving in his turn what they have been enabled to procure. So long as they continue young and helpless, they contrive to procure such food as is adapted to their delicacy; but as soon as they are grown stronger by age, they provide for them food of a more solid nature.

"The pelican, which is a very large bird, is obliged to go a great distance for food for its young, and therefore nature has provided it with a sort of bag, which she fills with such food as she knows is most agreeable to the palate of her young ones. She warms,

what she procures, and by such means makes it fitter for their tender stomachs.

" While they are thus acting the parental part, they seem to be forgetful of themselves, and attentive only to their little family. On the approach of either rain or tempests, they hasten to their nests, and cover it as well as they can with expanded wings, thereby keeping out the wind and water from hurting their infant brood. All their nights are employed in nourishing and keeping them warm. The most timorous among the feathered race, who will fly away on the least noise that approaches them, and tremble at the most trifling apprehensions of danger, become strangers to fear as soon as they have a young family to take care of, and are inspired with courage and intrepidity. We see an instance of this in the common hen, who,

though in general a coward, no sooner becomes a parent, than she gives proofs of courage, and boldly stands forth in defence of her young. She will face the largest dog, and will not run even from a man, who shall attempt to rob her of her young.

"In nearly a similar manner, the little birds endeavour to protect their infant family. When an enemy approaches, they will flatter round the nest, will seem to call out for assistance, will attack the intruder, and pursue him. The mother will frequently prefer confining herself with them to the pleasure of rambling through the woods, and will not quit her little progeny."

Here their mamma ended, and her two children promised they never would any more disturb those pretty feathered animals. They promised only to look at their nests, without being

so cruel as to do them any harm! They said they would be satisfied with gazing on them, while employed in the delightful task of attending on their young, and comforting and caressing their unprotected offspring.

“ My dear children, (said their mamma) this is the conduct you ought to pursue. Keep your resolutions, and I shall love you the more tenderly for it. Do no injury to any creature, for he who made you, made them also. Take no delight in giving pain to the most insignificant part of the creation; but endeavour, on all occasions, to contribute to their happiness.

THE DRUNKEN MAN.

A YOUNG man, whose name was Humphries, was a dull companion, but an excellent workman. Nothing ran in his head so much as the wish to become a master, but he had not money to gratify that wish. A merchant, however, who was well acquainted with his industry, lent him an hundred pounds, in order that he might open shop in a proper style.

It will from hence naturally follow, that Humphries thought himself one of the happiest men in the world. He supposed his warehouse already filled with goods, he reckoned how many customers would crowd to buy them, and what would be his profits thereon.

In the midst of these extravagant flights of fancy, he perceived an ale-house. "Come," (said he, on entering it) "I will indulge myself with spending

one sixpence of this money." He hesitated, however, some few moments, about calling for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him, that his time for enjoyment ought to be at some distance, and not till he had paid his friend the money he had borrowed; that it would not be honest in him, at present, to expend a farthing of that money but in absolute necessities. With these right ideas he was nearly leaving the sthorne; but, bethinking himself, on the other hand, that if he spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have an hundred pounds all but that sixpence, that such a sum was fully sufficient to set him up in trade, and that a single half-hour's industry would amply make amends for such a trifling pleasure as he wished then to enjoy.

He called for his punch, and the first glass banished all his former qualms,

little thinking that such a conduct would, by insensible degrees, open a way to his ruin. The next day, he recollected the pleasures of the former glass, and found it easy to reconcile his conscience to the spending of another sapphire. He knew he should still have an hundred pounds left all but one shilling.

The love of liquor had at last completely conquered him, and every succeeding day he constantly returned to his favourite abouse, and gradually increased his quantity, till he spent two shillings and sixpence at each sitting. Here he seemed to make a stand, and every time he went he consoled himself with saying, that he was spending only half-a-crown, and that he need not fear but he should have enough to carry on his trade.

By this delusive way of reasoning; he silenced the prudent whispers of

conscience, which would sometimes, in spite even of liquor, break in upon him, and remind him, that the proper use of money consisted in prudently applying every part of it to advantageous purposes.

Thus you see how the human mind is led into destructive extravagancies by insensible degrees. Industry had no longer any charms to attract him, being blindly persuaded, that the money he had borrowed would prove an inexhaustible resource for all his extravagance. He was at last convinced, and his conviction suddenly fell on him like a clap of thunder, that he could not recover the effects of his preceding dissipation, and that his generous benefactor would have little inclination to lend another hundred pounds to a man, who had so shamefully abused his kindness in the first instance.

Entirely overcome with shame and

confusion, his recourse to hard drinking, merely to quiet his conscience and reflections; served only to bring on his ruin the sooner. At last, the fatal moment arrived, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and becoming an object of horror even to himself, life became insupportable, and nothing presented itself to him but scenes of poverty, desolation, and remorse.

Overtaken by despair, he fled from his country, and joined a gang of smugglers, whose ravages were dreaded through every town and village on the coast. Heaven, however, did not permit these iniquities to have a long reign; for a disgraceful death soon put a period to the existence of this unhappy wretch.

Alas! had he listened to the first dictates of reason, and been wrought upon by the reproaches of his con-

science, he might have been easy and happy in his situation, and have comfortably enjoyed the repose of a reputable old age, instead of coming to that deplorable end, which is the certain reward of vice and folly.

HAPPY DISCOVERY.

OPPOSITE to the house in which Charlotte's parents lived, was a little opening, ornamented with a grange-plat, and overhaded by a venerable tree, commanding an extensive view before it. On this delightful spot, Charlotte used frequently to sit in her little chair, while employed in knitting stockings for her mamma.

As she was one day thus employed, she saw a poor old man advancing very slowly towards her. His hair was as white as silver, and his back bent with age; he supported himself by a stick, and seemed to walk with great difficulty. "Poor man," (said Charlotte, looking at him most tenderly) he seems to be very much in pain, and perhaps is very poor, which are two dreadful evils!"

She also saw a number of boys, who

were following close behind this poor old man. They passed jokes upon his threadbare coat, which had very long skirts, and short sleeves, contrary to the fashion of those days. His hat, which was quite rusty, did not escape their notice; his cheeks were hollow, and his body thin. These wicked boys no sooner saw him, than they all burst out a laughing. A stone lay in his way, which he did not perceive, and over it he stumbled, and had like to have fallen. This afforded them sport, and they laughed loudly; but it gave great pain to the poor old man, who uttered a deep sigh.

"I once was as young as you are," (said he to the boys), "but I did not laugh at the infirmities of age, as you do. The day will come in which you will be old yourselves, and every day is bringing you forward to that period. You will then be sensible of the in-

propriety of your present conduct." Having thus spoken, he endeavoured to hobble on again, and made a second stumble, when, in struggling to save himself from falling, he dropped his cane, and down he fell. On this the wicked boys renewed their laugh, and highly enjoyed his misfortune.

Charlotte, who had seen every thing that had passed, could not help pitying the old man's situation, and therefore, putting down her stocking on the chair, ran towards him, picked up the cane and gave it him, and then taking hold of his other arm, as if she had been as strong as a woman, advised him to lean upon her, and not mind any thing the boys might say to him.

The poor old man looking at her very earnestly. "Sweet child, (said he) how good you are! This kindness makes me in a moment forget all the ill behaviour of those naughty boys.

"May you ever be happy." They then walked on together; but the boys being probably made ashamed of their conduct by the behaviour of Charlotte, followed the old man no further.

While the boys were turning about, one of them fell down also, and all the rest began laughing, as they had before done at the old man. He was very angry with them on that account, and as soon as he got up, ran after his companions, pelting them with stones. He instantly became convinced how unjust it was to laugh at the distresses of another, and formed a resolution, for the future, never to laugh at any person's pain. He followed the old man he had been laughing at, though at some distance, wishing for an opportunity to do him some favour, by way of amendment, for what he had done.

The good old man, in the mean

time, by the kind assistance of Charlotte, proceeded with slow but sure steps. She asked him to stop and rest himself a little, and told him, that her house was that before him. " Pray stay, (said she) and sit a little under that large tree. My parents, indeed, are not at home, and therefore you will not be so well treated; yet it will be a little rest to you. "

The old man accepted Charlotte's offer. She brought him out a chair, and then fetched some bread and cheese and good small beer, which was all the pretty maid could get at. He thanked her very kindly, and then entered into conversation with her.

" I find, my dear, (said he) you have parents. I doubt not but you love them, and they love you. They must be very happy, and may they always continue to be so. "

" And pray, good old man, (said

Charlotte) I suppose you have got children." — " I had a son, (replied he) who lived in London, loved me tenderly, and frequently came to see me; but, alas! he is now dead, and I am left disconsolate. His widow, indeed, is rich; but she assumes the character of the lady, and thinks it beneath her to inquire whether I be dead or living, as she does not wish it to be known that her husband's father is a peasant.

Charlotte was much affected, and could hardly believe that such cruel people existed. " Ah! certain I am, (said she) that my dear mother would not behave so cruelly." He then rose and thanked Charlotte with a blessing; but she was determined not to leave him, till she had accompanied him a little way further.

As they walked on, they saw the little boy who had been following

them; for he ran on some way before, and was then sitting on the grass. When they looked upon him he cast his eyes downwards, got up after they had passed, and followed them again. Charlotte observed him, but said nothing.

She asked the old man if he lived alone. "No, little lady, (answered he,) I have a cottage on the other side of that meadow, seated in the middle of a little garden, with an orchard and a small field. An old neighbour, whose cottage fell down through age, lives with me, and cultivates my ground. He is an honest man, and I am perfectly easy in his society; but the loss of my son still bears hard upon me, nor have I the happiness to see any of his children, who must by this time have forgotten me."

These complaints touched the heart of Charlotte, who told him, that she

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and her mother would come and see him. The sensibility and kindness of this little girl served only to aggravate his grief, by bringing to his mind the loss he had sustained in his son. Tears came in his eyes, when he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe them; and, instead of again putting it into his pocket, in the agitation of his mind, it slipped aside, and fell unnoticed by him or Charlotte.

The little boy, who followed them, saw the handkerchief fall, ran to pick it up, and gave it the old man, saying, "Here, good old man, you dropped your handkerchief, and here it is." — "Thank you heartily, my little friend," (said the old man). "Here is a good-natured lad, who does not ridicule old age, nor laugh at the afflictions that attend it. You will certainly become an honest man. Come both of you to my habitation, and I will give you

some milk." They had no sooner reached the old man's cottage, than he brought out some milk, and the best bread he had, which, though coarse, was good. They all sat down upon the grass, and made a comfortable repast. However, Charlotte began to be afraid her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little boy was sorry to go, but was sadly afraid, should he stay, of being scolded by his mother.

"This mother of your's (said the old man,) must be very cross to scold you."—"She is not always so, (replied the boy); but though she loves me, she makes me fear her."—"And your father?"—"Oh, I scarcely knew him, he having been dead these four years."—"Dead these four years? (interrupted the old man, and fixing his eyes attentively on the boy. Is it possible, that I have some recollection of your

features? Can it be little Francis?"
—"Yes, yes, Francis is my name."

For a few moments the old man stood motionless, and with an altered voice, his eyes swimming with tears, cried out, "My dear Francis, you do not recollect your grandfather! Embrace me! You have got the very features of my son! My dearest child, you was not thinking of me! My son affectionately loved me, and his son will love me also. My old age will not be so miserable as I expected, and the evening of my life will not pass without some joy. I shall depart in peace! — But I forget, that, by detaining you, I may expose you to your mother's anger. Go, my dear child, for I do not wish that my joy should cost you tears. Go, love your mother, and obey her commands, even though you should not come and see me. Come and see me if you can; but do

not disobey or tell a story on any account."

He then turned to Charlotte, and said, though he then did not wish her to stay, 'for fear of offending her parents, yet he hoped she would come again. He then dismissed them, giving them a hearty blessing, and the two children walked away hand in hand. Charlotte got home safe before her parents, who were not long after her, when she told them every thing that had passed, which furnished an agreeable conversation for the evening.

The next day, they all went to see the good old man, and afterwards frequently repeated their visits. Francis also came to see his grandfather, who was rejoiced to hear him speak, and to receive his affectionate caresses. Francis, on his side, was equally rejoiced, excepting when he did not

meet with Charlotte, for then he went home sorrowful and sad.

The nearer Francis arrived to manhood, the more his affections for Charlotte increased; and accordingly, when he was old enough to marry, he would think of no other woman, though she was not rich. The old man lived to see them married and happy, and then finally closed his eyes in peace.

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